grass, and bleats, with his eyes **on** the road. I take him up in my arms, when I come, and share my food with him* He knows no other mother but me.

Jaising

Sire, could I make the goat live again, by giving up a portion of my life, gladly would I do it. But how can I restore that which Mother herself has taken ?

Aparna

Mother has taken ? It is a lie. Not mother, but demon.

Jaising

O, the blasphemy !

Aparna

Mother, art thou there to rob a poor girl of her love ? Then where is the throne, before which to condemn thee ? Tell me, King,